

THE SUN-CHILD.

THE TUTOR'S BREAKFAST.

ON a bright day in the early part of November the Sun-child found himself walking in the Great Court of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge. The day was not far advanced—the clock, in fact, was at that moment striking the quarter past eight—but there was a good deal of bustle and animation in the old quadrangle. Undergraduates were walking briskly along the paved paths; here and there a don was sauntering over the plots of grass with that air of solemn superiority which befits one who performs an act denied under pain of a half-crown fine to the light-hearted tribe of his juniors, and outside the staircases stood not a few bonnet-wearing bedmakers, some emptying slops, others merely waiting for the approach of the cook's porters, who were advancing in various directions from the kitchens, each balancing on his head a large blue box containing the breakfasts of those who dwelt within the Court.

At the foot of one of the staircases close to the chapel the Sun-child paused. A bedmaker of a comfortable appearance was rating two breakfast bearers and urging them up the staircase with their burdens:—

"You ought to 'a bin 'ere five minutes ago," she said. "Do you think Mr. HOLT's got all the day to waste waitin' for a pack o' lumber like you? It's 'is freshmen's breakfast and the gentlemen's got to be at nine o'clock lecture, so just 'urry up or you'll get some o' your jackets dusted."

The two cook's men winked at one another. They were accustomed to the autocratic methods and the loquacious invective of Mrs. PROPERT. One of them, however, ventured a reply:—"It's only just struck the quarter," he remarked apologetically, as he mounted the stairs.

"There you are again," burst out Mrs. PROPERT, who was following him closely and was, so to speak, squeezing him up the stairs as if he were a reluctant cherry-stone held between her finger and thumb, "it's what I'm allus sayin': if you want the real gentleman you've got to go to a cook's porter. I suppose you'll be tellin' me you took the time off your gold watch and chain. I've told you you're late, my man, and late you are, so don't let's have any more words about it. There, put it down on the landin'," and with this she possessed herself of as many dishes as she could carry and bustled into the room—followed, I may tell you, by the Sun-child, who had not hitherto seen anything of the gay and sportive life of an English college, and was naturally anxious to enlarge his experience.

The occasion was a great and important one. Mr. HOLT was one of the tutors of Trinity, and he had invited nine of his freshmen to breakfast by way of establishing between himself and them those friendly relations which, as we all know, ought to exist between the dons and the undergraduates. To meet them he had summoned two senior men, and the party of twelve so constituted had just sat down to table.

Mr. HOLT was a large shy clergyman who, as an undergraduate, had read strenuously for the very good degree he took, but had shared very little in the ordinary active life of his fellows. He had secured a fellowship, had taken orders, and now, after twelve years of service to the College, had been promoted to a tutorship and entrusted with the charge of about 150 out of the 600 undergraduates who made Trinity their home. He was a mine of learning, and could talk volubly enough amongst his intimates about the Greek tragedians or the futility of certain rash Oxford dons who had published books, but the society of the young froze the genial current of his soul, and in order to converse with them he had to pump topics up from the inmost recesses of his being. The



"LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL."

Inexperienced Young Housewife (thinking to show her sharpness, after purchasing a brace of pheasants). "I SUPPOSE THEY'VE BEEN HUNG?"

New Shopman (not previously in this trade). "HUNG! NO, LADY, THEY WERE SHOT."

youths whom he had gathered to share his hospitality were in no better case. All the light badinage with which they were accustomed to regale one another had vanished. They were oppressed with the heavy solemnity of the affair, and were acutely conscious both of their own inaptness for conversation and of the caustic, critical comments which any effort in this direction would be likely to provoke amongst their fellow guests. They sat and munched and sipped, and sipped and munched, staring at their plates for inspiration, and never finding it. At last Mr. HOLT made a fevered dash.

"HARRISON," he said, addressing a sandy-haired, weedy-looking youngster, "I hear we're to expect great feats of hammer-throwing from you. How do you like FENNER's?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the sandy-haired one gloomily, "my name is not HARRISON."

"Oh, ah, of course," said Mr. HOLT in confusion, "I forgot. Now which," he continued, benevolently peering round the table, "is HARRISON?"

There was a terrible silence, which was at last broken by a burly, broad-shouldered youth, who with a dead lift and a profusion of blushes admitted that he was indeed HARRISON.

"Yes, yes, of course," said the tutor; "what was it—ah, I remember, yes; try some of that pulled chicken, HARRISON."

Silence again came down on the company. The gyps moved sedately and soberly about, and there were twelve feeding as one, but no word was uttered.

The Sun-child felt that the time had come for him to intervene. He was only a boy, but he could not bear to see human beings in so deep a distress. A gyp had approached Mr. HOLT with a plate of poached eggs, and the tutor, not observing him, raised his hand in an awkward gesture, and struck the plate, which the gyp endeavoured in vain to save. It tilted under the impact, and before you

could say knife a golden egg had been swiftly dropped on to the top of Mr. Holt's shining bald head, whence it streamed in little rivers over his intellectual forehead.

There was a moment of awe, a titter, a ripple, and then a wild chorus of uncontrollable laughter burst from the assembled guests. The two undergraduates on either side of the tutor sprang to their feet and did yeoman's service with their napkins, while the tutor in a loud voice denounced the iniquity of the clumsy servitor. He retired for ablution to his bedroom, and returned clean and smiling. The extreme absurdity of the incident, instead of plunging him into deeper confusion, had actually made him affable, chatty and genially social.

After that the breakfast party went like wildfire—and so, afterwards, did the story of "how old Holt got a poached egg on the top of his nut." It is still told in country vicarages and barristers' chambers by those who had the good fortune to be present.

A MAKE-UP FOR THE NEW MELO-FARCE.

(Lord Rosebery to C.-B.)

HENRY! you took my challenge like a Briton!

Full at your breast I drove my olive-dart!
At once the weapon bounded back and lit on
Your loving ARCHIBALD'S receptive heart!

I knew we could not always keep asunder,
Each to his friend's existence gravel-blind;
They said you'd disappeared—a silly blunder;
You were not lost, but only gone behind.

For by the bonny braes we twa were cradled,
Alike absorbed the breath of Lowland kine,
In peaty burns identically paidled,
And caught the pibroch squealing "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Nursed on a diet framed by ABERNETHY,
That Spartan fare that suits the pawky Scot,
Could we allow such ties to lapse in Lethe?
Could such cohesive links be long forgot?

Tempted we were at times, no doubt, to differ,
For Nature built you otherwise than me;
You had a supple backbone; mine was stiffer,
Owing to inconvenient vertebrae.

Yet what were these disputes? Scarce worthy mention;
Mere academic quarrels lightly healed,
As when—to take a case—you called attention
To England's barbarous methods in the field.

For we were one on matters more material,
On Tory impotence and Tory shame;
You may have been pro-Boer and I Imperial,
Yet both agreed just where to fix the blame.

And that reminds me how the time-worn cackle
Fades out of knowledge like a broken spell—
"Pro-Boer" and "lonely plough," and "tabernacle,"
And those old metaphors I worked so well.

And let them go! We will no longer palter
With what concerns the country's higher good,
When in between us rises like an altar
The oven where they bake the People's Food!

O Scot wha hae! This cry of dearer forage
Breaks down my bosom's guard and lets you in!
One touch of fingers tampering with her porridge
Makes all the sons of Caledonia kin!

O. S.

RETIREMENT OF A GREAT CORRESPONDENT.

AFFECTING SCENES.

THE report having been spread abroad by the *Daily Mail* that Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON had decided to contribute no more letters to the press, a deputation of editors waited on that gentleman at his charming maisonette in Sarcophagus Gardens, Mortlake, on Sunday last, with a view to inducing him to reconsider his decision. The papers represented were the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Tailor and Cutter*, the *Woking Express*, the *Kensal Green Sentinel*, the *Gravesend Gazette*, the *Bury St. Edmunds Chronicle*, and the *Mourning Post*.

The Postmaster General, who introduced the deputation, and spoke under the influence of deep emotion, said that since the retirement of Lord ROSEBERY no event had caused a profounder sensation in journalistic circles than Mr. ASHTON'S resolve to quit the epistolary arena. For many years Mr. ASHTON had contributed to the gravity of nations and the revenue of the Post Office with a regularity that was above praise. In an age devoted to the mad pursuit of frivolity the spectacle of this Dantesque figure, wreathed with cypress, gratuitously offering the daily homage of his cemeterial and other lucubrations to the Press of England, acted as a standing antidote to unseemly levity.

Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was the next speaker. He implored Mr. ASHTON to reconsider a decision which if carried out would seriously imperil the prestige of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He might add that a special sub-editor had been engaged for the purpose of inventing suitable headstones to Mr. ASHTON'S priceless contributions. He would ask Mr. ASHTON to think of this gentleman's wife and children and withdraw the dread fiat.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, on behalf of the correspondents of the *Times*, begged to be associated with every word that had fallen from the previous speakers. The prospect of seeing his own letters printed in the same column with those of Mr. ASHTON always fired his ambition and inspired his pen. He envied his colleague the concentration which enabled him to compress his communications within such modest limits, he himself, possibly from his literary association with the mammoth, being unable to turn round in less than a column and a half. Finally he pointed out the loss that would be sustained by the *Times* by the withdrawal of the most gifted contributor whose initials were A. A.

At this point Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN rose. The last sentiment, he said, was not one to which he could say Ay! Ay! with as much heartiness as he could wish. Personally he was relieved to find any of the too numerous A. A.'s retiring from the field. It was preposterous that two public men should have the same initials. He looked upon Mr. ASHTON'S retirement as the only course left to a man of delicacy.

Other members of the deputation having spoken, all with cordial support of the Postmaster-General, Mr. ASHTON replied; but before doing so he sat down at his pianoforte and improvised a few graceful bars of slow music. He then addressed the deputation with intense emotion. It was the proudest moment of his life, he assured them, to be thus solicited by the flower of the land to return to public life. Had he imagined how widespread and lively was the interest in his poor epistles he would never have contemplated retirement. But a time comes when every man must ask himself, "Am I going on or am I going to stop?" He had put the question and answered it in all sincerity in the negative. His plans were all made. He was not actually ceasing to write, but ceasing to write letters to the Press. The epistolary form had too many charms to permit him to drop it completely. His spare time in the next few months was to be spent on a companion work to *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, to be called *A Necropolitan's Dead Letters*; or,



FORCED FAVOURS.

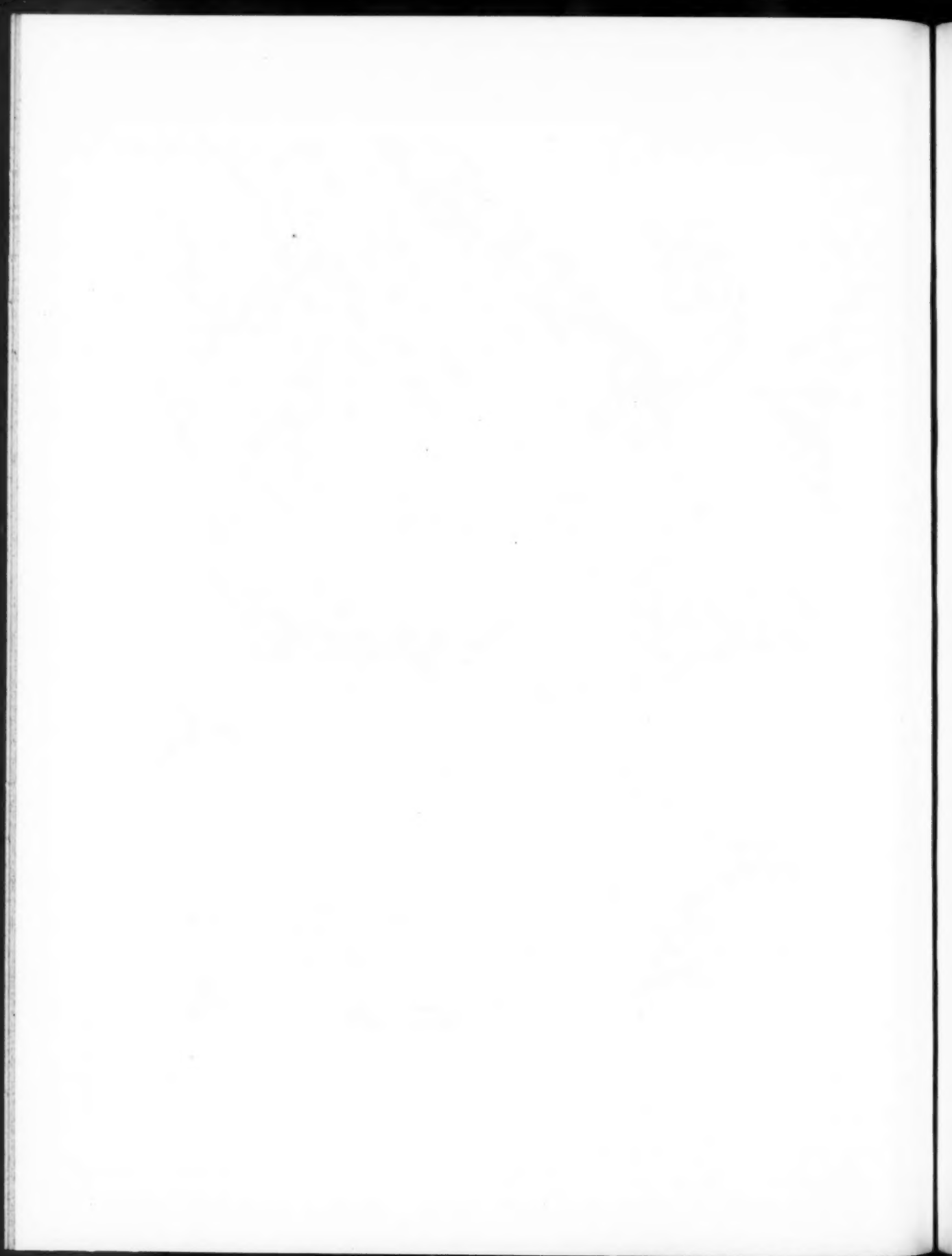
THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET. "NOW THEN, WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?"

BRITISH LION. "I'VE COME TO BRING YOU THE BLESSINGS OF FREE TRADE."

THE GRAND L. "I'M A PROTECTIONIST. DON'T WANT 'EM."

BRITISH LION. "WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE 'EM!"

[“The advisers of the Dalai Lama, having ignored their obligations to us under the Convention of 1890, have now ignored the British Mission;” . . . “an advance is to be made into the Chunbi Valley on the frontier of Thibet.”—*Daily Paper.*]



The Crème de la Crematorium. He should never forget this afternoon; and if at any time any of the gentlemen present should happen to be low-spirited and cared to let the speaker know, he would abandon whatever he might be doing, and write one of his old cheery letters about Kensal Green or Bunhill Fields.

LOST MASTERPIECES.

(Mr. Punch's Own Collection.)

LOVERS of the poems of WILLIAM MORRIS will rejoice to hear that Mr. Punch's collection of *Lost Masterpieces* includes one really choice fragment of his work which has hitherto never appeared in print. It is couched in the agreeable jargon peculiar to what may be called Kelmescot Verse, and the completed poem was intended to form part of a volume to be called *A Defence of Wardour Street, and other Poems* :—

So from the castle gate, wherethrough
The autumn mist full coldly blew,
They 'gan to ride and no word said.
She mused, "Twere better I were dead
Than thus my lord should frown on me."
"Gramercy, sweet my lord," quoth she,
"Meseems our steeds go prickingly."
No word Sir ABLAMOUR replied,
But with a groan he left her side,
Spurring his horse as though in pain
The while. And silence fell again.

Whereat she let her wimple fall,
And fastened well her snood withal,
While down her poor wan cheek perdie
The big tears rolled incessantly,
And "Ah," she sighed, "and welladay,
Alack I know not what to say."

So they two rode across the plain,
Nor ever stayed nor yet drew rein
Till, travel-stained and cross, God wot,
They clattered into Camelot.

Another interesting specimen in Mr. Punch's collection is from the pen of MATTHEW ARNOLD, one of those mild and meditative poems, unfettered by the tiresome exigencies of rhyme, which must have been so agreeable to write. It is called :—

ON MARGATE SANDS.

Still is the sea to-day,
Slow up the beach the tide
Creeps with scarcely a sound,
While through the languorous air,
Heavy, unstirred by the breeze,
Silence broods o'er the scene.
And I, too, brood. I pace
Here on the sands and muse
On the probable meaning of Life,
And a question throbs in my brain,
Incessant, ever renewed,
What are you? What am I?



MOTOR MANIA.

The Poet (deprecatingly). "THEY SAY SHE GIVES MORE ATTENTION TO HER MOTOR CARS THAN TO HER CHILDREN."

The Butterfly. "OF COURSE. HOW ABSURD YOU ARE! MOTOR CARS REQUIRE MORE ATTENTION THAN CHILDREN."

After all, what is the sea?
And what, after all, is the land?
I know not. Neither do you.
And the souls of us as they strive
To answer questions like these
Stand perplexed and in doubt
And lose the outlook serene,
The grand detachment, the calm,
Which they should strive to attain.

Curiously enough an unpublished poem on the same subject by the late Mr. HENLEY is also in Mr. Punch's possession. It is written in a rhymeless measure not wholly unlike MATTHEW ARNOLD's, but the difference in feeling is extremely marked :—

Margate Sands!
Dotted with feasters,

Young men and maidens,
Elate, uproarious,
Exultant, drunk
With the joy of life
And with various liquors.
Look on it there,
Behold it and wonder,
Many-hued, various,
Ecstatic, strepitant
Life!

Life with its fruitfulness,
Its fierce encounters,
Its strenuous onsets.
Life the spendthrift,
The palpitant wastrel,
The bounding maenad,
Up there in London,
Down here at Margate,
Life!

MR. PUNCH'S SPECTRAL ANALYSES.

IX.—A SPECTRAL JOB.

I HAD been told that the Blue Room was haunted, and was prepared accordingly for a pleasant, sociable evening.

"Oh, yes, a splendid old fellow," said my host, referring to the resident spectre. "Fought at Agincourt, and is full of racy stories of the period. You're certain to like him. Get him to tell you that story of his about Sir RALPH and the suit of armour. Good-night."

When I reached the Blue Room the first thing I saw was a shadowy form seated in a despondent manner on the chest of drawers.

"Evening," I said; "glad to meet you."

He grunted.

"Mind if I open the window?"

He grunted again.

I was not used to treatment of this kind. All the ghosts I had ever met before had been courteous, and, even when not conversationalists, they had never grunted at me. I was hurt. But I determined to make one more effort to place matters on a sociable footing.

"You seem a little depressed," I said. "I quite understand. This shocking weather. Enough to give anyone the blues. But won't you start haunting? I have often known a little spirited haunting work wonders when a spectre was feeling a cup too low."

This time he did speak. "Oh, haunting be hanged!" he said rudely.

"Well, tell me about Agincourt, then. Glorious day that for Old England, Sir."

"I don't know anything about Agincourt," he snapped. "Why don't you read your *Little Arthur*?"

"But you fought there——"

"Do I look as if I had fought at Agincourt?" he asked, coming towards me. I admitted that he did not. I had expected something much more mediæval. The spectre before me was young and modern. I pressed for an explanation.

"My host distinctly told me that the Blue Room was haunted by a gentleman who had fought at Agincourt," I said. "This is the Blue Room, is it not?"

"Oh, him," said the spectre, "he's a back number. He left a fortnight ago. They sent him away so that they might give me the place. I don't want to haunt. What's the good of haunting? Foolishness, I call it. They talk about a career and making a name. Bah! Rot!"

"Tell me all," I said, sympathetically.

"Why, it's not my line at all, this haunting business. But just because I came of an old family, and all my

ancestors were haunting houses in different parts of the country, the asses of authorities would have it that I must be given a place, too. 'We'll make it all right, my boy,' they kept saying. 'You leave it to us. We'll see that you get a billet.' I told them I didn't want to haunt, but they thought it was all my modesty. They recalled the old chap who was here, and gave me the place. So here I am, haunting an old castle, when I don't know how to do it, and wouldn't do it if I could. And everybody in the Back of Beyond is talking of the affair, and saying what a scandalous job it was. And so it was, too. The *Spectral News* has got a full-page caricature of me this week in colours, with a long leader on the evils of favouritism. Rotten, I call it. And just as I hoped I was going to get the one billet I wanted."

"Ah, what was that?" I inquired.

"I wanted to go on the boards, and be a real ghost in a play, you know—just as they have real niggers that don't need blacking."

"Then your leanings are towards theatrical triumphs?"

"Rather," said he; "I'm all for going on the stage. You should see me knock 'em."

"Then I'll tell you what I can do for you. I know the manager of the Piccadilly Theatre. He is just going to produce *Hamlet*, and I know he is looking about for someone to play the ghost. I don't see why a real ghost shouldn't make an enormous hit. Call on him, and he may give you the part."

He was off in an instant.

A month later the papers were raving about his interpretation of the part, and wondering what SHAKESPEARE was thinking about it, and the Blue Room was once more occupied by the ghost who had fought at Agincourt, one of the dearest old fellows I ever met.

SEMPER EADEM.

SHE gave me a rose from her breast,
And captured my heart there and then;
Although she to thirty confessed,
And I was a schoolboy of ten;
What matter that love should repine
Through all the long days we must
sever?

At last she shall surely be mine—
Mine only, for ever and ever.

* * * * *

Now Time is my deadliest foe,
And dull is the gloss on the years,
Wherever I happen to go,
A simpering spinster appears.
At times inexpressibly coy,
At others confiding and flirty,
She still, though I'm far from a boy,
Remains a mere "chicken" of thirty.

LINE UPON LINE.

THE suggestion has been made that rules for railway passengers should be put into rhyme. The *Evening News* has prepared some quatrains and couplets for the Companies to select from. Mr. *Punch* adds others:—

ADVICE CONCERNING THE PURCHASE OF TICKETS.

Gentlemen you rarely meet
Hiding underneath the seat.

CARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

If you draughtily would ride,
Keep the window open wide.
Never mind what others say:
Every dog must have his day,

A NOTICE FOR THE ——— RAILWAY.

If you find the train too slow,
Better leave and walk, you know.

CONCERNING CORRIDOR SOAP.

Flee the soap of railway brands:
Don't you know "it won't wash hands?"

CONCERNING THE COMMUNICATION CORD.

Of the handle "tak' your wull."
Five pounds is the price per pull.

CAUTION REGARDING EMPTY BOTTLES.

If Directors you would brain,
Throw no bottles from the train;
Only navvies thus are slain
(Seek Directors in Park Lane).

CONCERNING ACCIDENTS.

Though we smash you into bits,
Never mind,—you've bought *Short Skirts*.

NOTICE FOR A DIRTY COMPARTMENT.

If you would preserve your feet,
Place them not upon this seat.

CONCERNING CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

If your ticket's third, remain
In that portion of the train.
But you're welcome, if preferred,
With a "first" to travel third.

ADVICE TO ECONOMICAL TRAVELLERS.

Leave the window straps behind;
Other razor strops you'll find.

CONCERNING REFRESHMENTS.

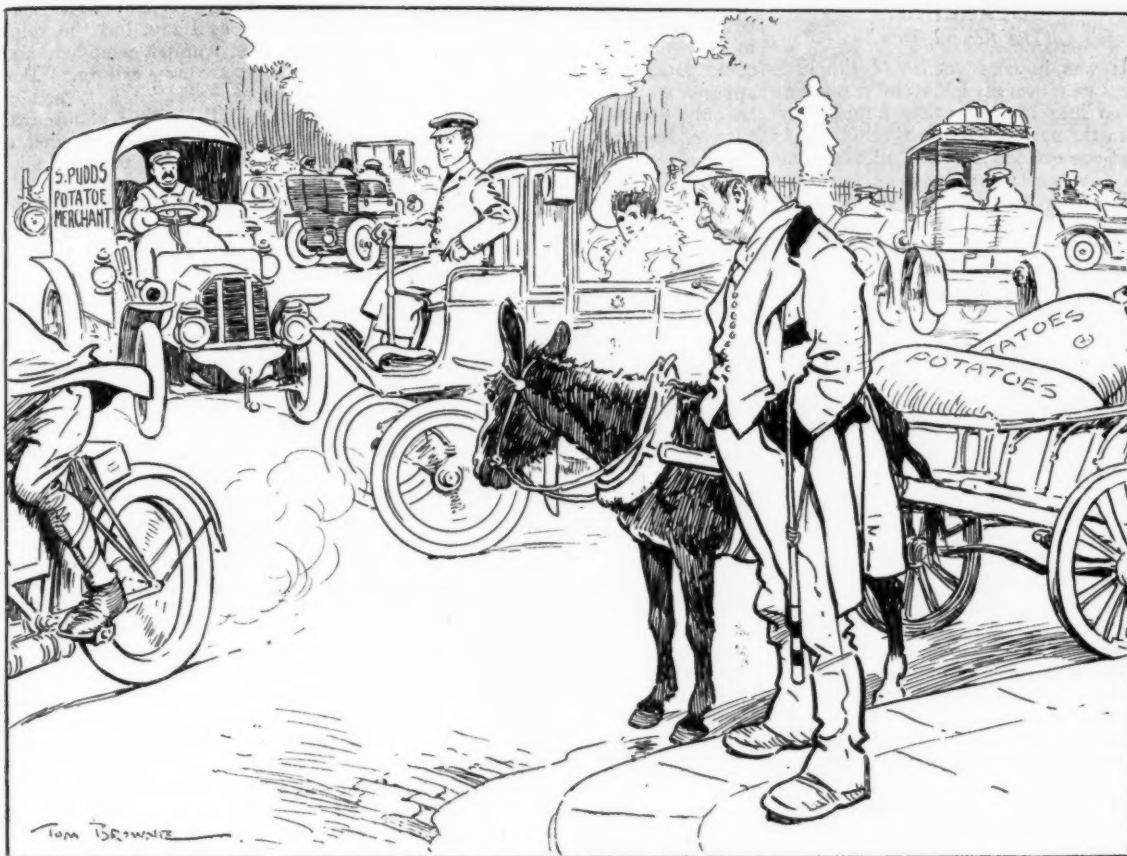
On our buns bruise not your fists:
Leave them to geologists.

FOR NON-SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Baccy barred; it don't agree
With the smell of patchouli.

FOR SMOKING COMPARTMENTS.

Here's the place where men may smoke;
Not designed for women-folk.
If they come in solid packs,
Take and put them on the racks;
Should they faint or weep or shout,
Ope the door and drop them out.

**CROWDED OUT.**

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey). "OTHELLO, OTHELLO, YOUR OCCUPATION 'LL SOON BE GONE!"

THEATRES & MUSIC HALLS.

[“How are women going to regard the question of smoking in theatres?” asks the *Daily Mirror* of November 17.]

A QUESTION that 's burning will soon be presented
To you, lady-haunters of pit and of stall!
Your own daily paper has opened the ball—
A puff-ball the *Mirror* has scented!

The question is, will there be feminine fuming
If masculine smoking prevails at the play;
And in theatre-land, as to what you will say,
Curiosity 's really consuming.

Will BARRIE seem quipfuller, quainter and queerer,
If seen with the eye of his Dame Nicotine?
Will a pipe after tea—'tis a High Tea I mean—
Bring PIXERO more home to his hearer?

Will actors be booed by the amateur critic,
Whose lips are engaged with a tuppenny weed?
Will applause or the calm of Olympus succeed
In an air that with shag is mephitic?

Will dresses be rumpled by Johnnies unheedful,
Who're thirsty and therefore feel called to the bar,
And (as usual) to temper and toe give a jar,
When they fancy that fresh air is needful?

One personal query—whatever your station,
Dressmaker or duchess, shall *you* want to smoke?
The managers humbly your verdict invoke,
And the matter requires ventilation!

FROM *El Liberal* (Madrid) of November 9:—

KING EDWARDS BIRTHDAY

The Bon of the English Refreshment Bar, Echegaray 2, invites the English & American Colony to a fres glaw of ale to theis Majesty, good healt & the prosperits of old England.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
(DOSE FORGET SIR MORTIMER DURAND)

According to a weekly contemporary, Sir MORTIMER DURAND has, ever since his boyhood, heard “the Earl a-callin’.” Whether the writer really meant this or mis-quoted Mr. KIPLING through absent-mindedness, in any case Sir MORTIMER must break with old traditions, as he is now bound West and for a land superior to titles.

A Nutty Problem.

(A correspondent in the *Daily Mail* suggests nuts as a cure for the cigarette habit.)

We may be imprudent in various ways,
But it's hard to get out of the ruts,
And a man who is seized with the cigarette craze
Can't give up the habit—for nuts!

BEAGLING.

(The Second Run.)

It was in consequence of the little curl I wear over my left eyebrow refusing to go into its place that I missed my train the next time I went beagling. I kept one eye on the clock all the time, which was a fatal thing to do, for I have learnt from beagling, and other experience, that you must devote your whole attention to your hair when you want to kill. However, by dint of exercising patience and persuasion I was only about twenty minutes late, and just managed to catch the next train by jumping in the first carriage I came to.

Who should I see seated alone in the corner but my blue-eyed whip in immaculate City costume? If his behaviour had been odd before, it was queerer than ever now, for as soon as he set eyes on me he sprang to his feet crying, "How delightful!" seized his little bag and rushed past me out of the carriage door and into the next while the train was actually moving up the platform. I was really so upset that, when it stopped at our station, I was half inclined to go back, and three-quarters to get even with him somehow, and when he suddenly appeared at the door smiling in the friendliest manner I made up my mind to see it through. His costume, I found on alighting, was as changed as his mood, for he now wore his black velvet hunt-cap, green coat and white breeches, and looked perfectly sweet.

"Please forgive me for leaving you so hurriedly," he said, "but I missed the first train and was obliged to change coming down."

I bowed politely and said I quite understood it, but as we walked from the station to the lane I couldn't help laughing a little to myself.

"What's the joke?" he said in a lofty, indulgent tone.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "It only reminded me of a book we used to learn at school."

"And what was that?" he inquired patronisingly.

"As far as I remember," said I, "it was called *The Metamorphosis of an Insect*. But," I continued, "where's KITTY and all the rest?"

At first he looked a little gloomy and didn't answer. Then he said they'd all gone long ago, but he fancied he knew which side they'd draw—and so we walked along together, and he talked so nicely that I began to feel that it's not always a drawback to miss a train.

"And now," he said, "we'll run"; and when I remonstrated he said we should miss all the fun if we didn't. Personally I thought the fun began on

the platform, but remembering that two's company and one's none I began to run obediently at his side. He could talk and run at the same time, apparently, but I couldn't, and when he only got an occasional gasp for an answer he grew silent, and looking down at me asked me if I thought I could manage better if he took my hand. I said I thought perhaps I could, and it really was easier for a time. But as we left the road for the fields a pain began to creep up from my ankles to my knees, a wicked pain, as if they were being sawn slowly in half. The wind cooled my hot face but cut my lungs like a knife, and still the relentless hand dragged me on over plough and roots, hedges and ditches, till the red-hot gimlet in my side grew more than I could bear, and as he was springing down a bank I wrenched back and landed us both in a shallow pond.

"I'm dying!" I groaned—"I've got heart disease!"

"Good gracious!" he cried; "why didn't you tell me? How long have you had it?"

"More than five minutes," I gasped reproachfully. "I feel as if——"

"Hark!" he cried, as a little bleating sound came to us on the wind. He straightened himself with a sort of shudder, and shouted, "They're running!" Then he flung down my hand and leapt through the pond and across the field like a madman. Once he looked back.

"Come on," he shouted. "Buck up! make a dash for the gate!"

To tell a dying, heart-diseased person to buck up and make a dash was so funny that I laughed, and as soon as I laughed I felt better, and I did make a dash for the gate, and what's more got over it quite successfully, after hanging for a minute from the top bar by the hem of my skirt. I heard a queer little rustling noise at my side as I found my feet, but took no notice of it, for there in the field in front stood the whole hunt facing me. The man with the trumpet was singing something about "Yet! yet! yet!" in a hollow voice, the dogs straying restlessly about him, their tails going all ways at once, and the nondescript crowd of people standing at the back, their breath making little clouds in the frosty air.

Evidently one of the men thought he knew me, for as soon as I appeared he waved his arm and cried, "So ho!" Supposing him to mean "What ho!" I smiled and waved back, for he was quite an old gentleman. I like a welcome, of course, but I was hardly prepared for so boisterous a one as I got. They all came for me in a screaming torrent—the dogs first, then the whips,

then the field. I fled. The shouts grew louder as I ran, but the yelping stopped, the trumpet sounded, and I heard KITTY's voice calling, "DOLLY, DOLLY, come here!" I turned and found them all waiting about again; some smiled at me, some frowned, and KITTY exclaimed as I approached:

"You've spoiled the scent. It's too bad, DOLLY, you should be careful."

"The scent!" I said. "I'm very sorry, but I didn't smell it—it must be my cold."

KITTY laughed, so did the rest.

"Never mind," she said. "You look perfectly ripping, anyhow; but stop with me, do just what I do, and then you'll keep out of mischief."

Judging from my previous experience of KITTY I thought it was a little doubtful, but I was glad to keep with her and the other girls—and somehow, as I walked or ran, I began to be conscious of twinges of ambition to do as well as they did. The earth smelt very sweet, my wet feet were warm and glowing, a note of music crept into the bark of the speckled dogs, and I seemed to go back to the days when my hair was to my waist and my skirts to my knees, and I was playing "Follow my Leader" with the boys. I soon discovered that keeping with KITTY meant keeping as close as possible to the Field Master, who I admit had a nice brown face and beautiful white teeth. Where he flung himself through a hedge or over a fence first, there KITTY floundered next, and I squirmed through last. She couldn't quite catch him up, but once, by a masterly stroke as he crossed the plough, she took a short cut through some roots and a spinney, saved fifty yards, and came up with him and one or two others just as the trumpet sounded.

"Is it a kill?" she cried excitedly.

"I'm afraid so," I replied, staggering back against the fence. "It feels like it."

She laughed scornfully. "No," said a man, "it's not a kill, but a very pretty bit of hunting, wasn't it?"

"Yes, wasn't it?" I gasped.

"Why, you silly little thing," said KITTY, "what do you know about it? Do you know what we're hunting?"

"What?" I said.

"Why—a hare—of course."

"Oh!" I said, "I thought we were hunting the Field Master."

She contrived to lose me after that, which was unkind, as it was growing dusk, and we were among some clay pits. As I was wandering about I heard a man's voice, coming from below, and glancing down saw my blue-eyed whip. He was trying to climb up the side of the pit, which was too wet and slippery to give him a hold, and he was red all over like a Red

Indian. "When I inquired what he was doing there, he calmly explained that he fell in as he was chasing a milkmaid, and had the audacity to ask me to catch hold of his whip and help him out. I caught hold and gave a little pull, when all at once a faint sound drifted to my ears.

"Hark!" I cried, with a sudden start; then, throwing down the whip, "They're running!" I shouted, and ran off as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

"Come on—make a dash for it," I cried, looking over my shoulder.

I suppose he did get out eventually, for I found him walking along at my side as we were going back to tea. He didn't allude to milkmaids or claypits, but was quite sweet and nice; and when he remarked that it had been "a blank day" I was so tired, torn, and muddy that I didn't feel a bit shocked, but said I quite agreed with him.

THE WESTMINSTER PANTOMIME.

(St. Stephen's Theatre.)

We have been privileged to witness a dress rehearsal of this year's Westminster Pantomime, which is a free rendering of an old favourite—*Robinson Crusoe*. Although the production is in many respects disappointing, we anticipate a fairly long run in London before the company finds it necessary to "go to the country."

The plot—if an open secret can be called a plot—is as follows:—

Robinson Crusoe (Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN) and his Party set sail in the good ship *Britain* and are carried out of their course by bad Trade Winds to the island of Tariffa, where they seek Protection from the storm. *Robinson* nobly swims ashore alone through a treacherous shoal of fishy figures. The discovery of a few spare Seals and also a Print upon the sands, which turns out to belong to *Man Friday* (Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR), encourages a few more of the crew to swim ashore. Their landing is bitterly opposed by *Antitumtax*, the Cannibal Chief (it is not quite certain whether Lord ROSEBERY will take this part).

Crusoe is soon busy gathering dates and nuts. Some of the nuts are very hard to crack, but the dates, which are called "boomyears" by the enemy, are said to be comparatively worthless.

The plot, it will be seen, is not a strong one; but our readers must go and judge for themselves. It is in our opinion a case of the "Principal Boy" first, and the rest nowhere. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is the making of the pantomime, although at times rather prone to play to the gallery.



"AUNTIE, CAN YOU DO THAT?"

The faithful *Friday* is efficiently portrayed by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who as usual makes a capital "child of nature." We hope, however, to see this scholarly actor given a more responsible part before long. The rest of the company is so-so, and some do not yet seem to know their parts.

Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY as *Wed McGreegor* provides the comic element, and his catch-phrase, "Whit about a rid Tory?" is always safe to provoke a laugh.

In the "Transformation Scene," which is called "From Free Trade to Protection," there is an almost endless procession of grotesque monsters carrying foreign foodstuffs, manufactured articles, and raw materials. At a touch of the fairy's wand the monsters are changed into a group of smiling British workmen standing in a shower of gold!

This scene alone is worth taking the children to see.

The lovely dresses and uniforms are by the War Office, and are of a different pattern every night.

A novel feature of the performance is that there is no orchestra; each member of the company blowing his own separate trumpet.

EXCEPT in the form of bazaar raffles the Church seldom encourages games of chance. This gives an unusual significance to the announcement of a performance at Westminster Abbey: "Anthem. 'It is a good thing,' Bridge."

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.



NEEDLESS ALARM.

Hardy Spinster. "I REALLY THINK PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM MAL DE MER OUGHT TO REMAIN IN THEIR CABINS!"

USES OF ADVERSITY.

[MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., writes to the *Times* to protest on artistic grounds against the disappearance of the horse. "Has it ever been considered," he asks, "how dull and dreary the aspect of London would become without its horses, and what a blank would be made if we banished from our streets the most beautiful form of traction in the world? These beautiful creatures—for they are all beautiful in their own way, whether they belong to dray or carriage, cab or omnibus—bring us daily face to face with one of the most lovely of living forms, so lovely indeed that nature in its wildest and most inaccessible ranges can hardly surpass it."]

As you struggle on the asphalt and the stone,
Spent and blown,
To the music of your driver's dulcet tone;
When his playful kicks remind you
Of the part that is assigned you,
And the laden wheels behind you
Creak and groan;
Have you ever a suspicion
That despite your inanition
You 've a high artistic mission,
Skin-and-bone?

Who can tell me, when you stagger to your bed,
All but dead,
What is passing through your patient poor old head?
Do you dream of days long over
When you ran a happy rover
In the meadows with the clover
Round you spread?

Do you taste, poor lean-and-twenty,
Once again the peace and plenty
Of your youthful *far niente*
Past and fled?

Do you whinny at the hospitable door
As of yore—
Take the sugar from a vanished hand once more?
In your dreams does one caress you,
Does a gentle voice address you,
And a lavish manger bless you
With its store?

Do you live, poor Rosinante,
In the days ere hay was scanty,
Ere they taught you in your shanty
Sorrow's lore?

Some such visions of the past you dimly see,
It may be,
When the night-time sets your flagging fancies free;
But I think it would surprise you
Could one possibly advise you
How the gentle artist eyes you—
As for me,
I have tears and indignation
For your pain and degradation,
But I 've little admiration,
Poor old gee!

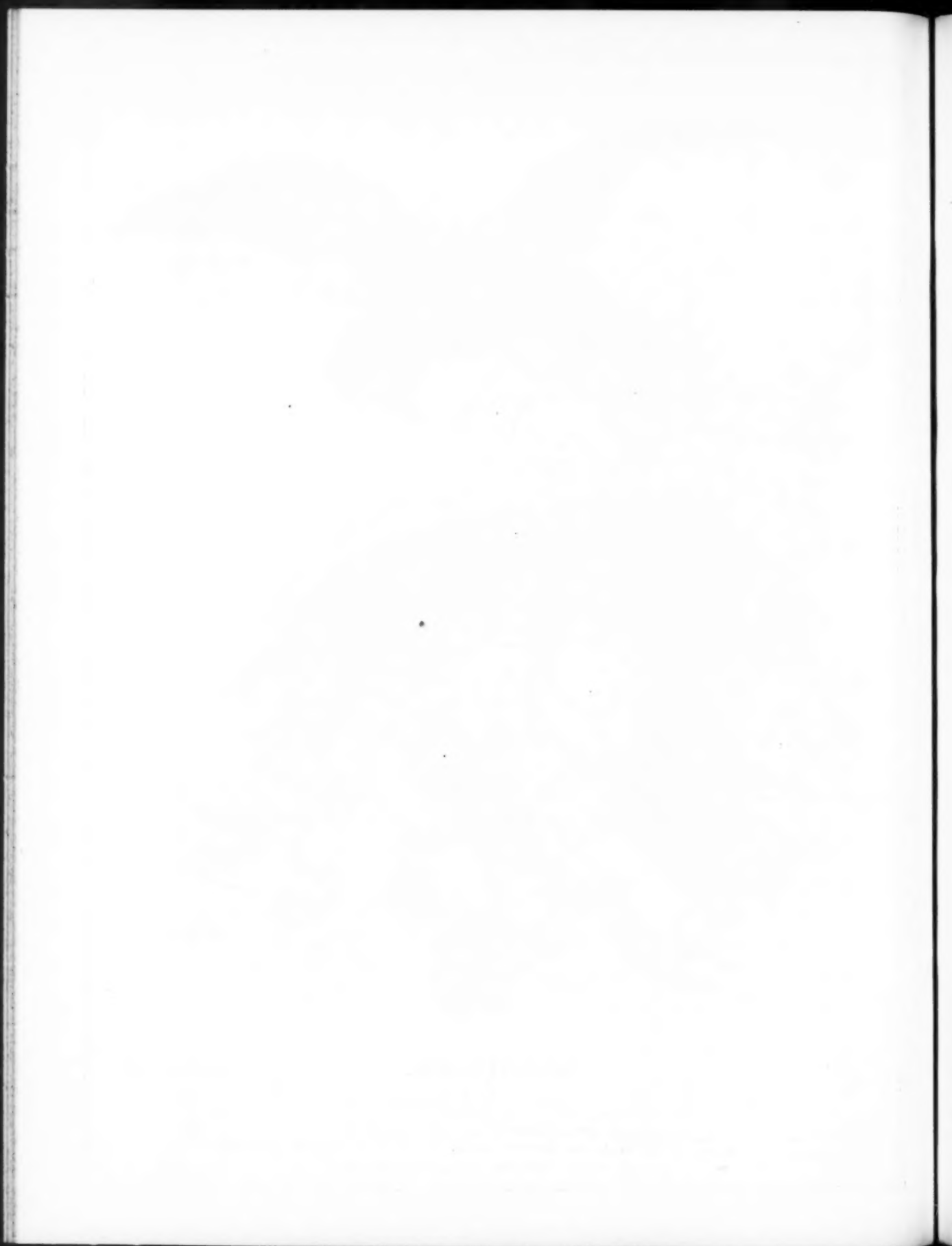
Would the epigrammatic translation of "*sedes vacanti*" as
"Not well and gone away for a holiday" be accepted by an
examiner?



RECONCILED.

JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW
AS BLACK AS A TAR BARREL,
WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO,
THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Sequel to Cartoon, "The Irreconcilables," January 8, 1902.)



INTERVIEWED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

New York: December 4.—Nine interviewers, representing as many New York papers, awaited us on arrival of the *Lucania* at the wharf. Eight were men—the better half wasn't. She addressed me first, using my name with kindly familiarity indicative of long acquaintance. Conversation being opened I stipulated that, as I had been on the Continent only three minutes, and had not trod its thoroughfares and prairies beyond a space of twenty-five yards, they should not ask me what I thought of America.

This had depressing effect—only momentary.

The lady first recovered breath, spirits and vocabulary.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Lucy," she said, "what is your opinion of our social, literary and political institutions and customs as compared with any you may have in your country?"

I tried to change the subject. Wanted to turn it in direction of the Custom officers, who were rooting through stacks of luggage.

"Why," I asked, "do your Custom House officials, having opened a man's hat-box, always press their fingers along the inside of the outer rim?"

No good. They were there for "copy," not to provide immigrants with local knowledge. The lady having monopolised inquiry during the first ten minutes, moved off with her note-book full of credible matter.

"Now we'll get to work," said the men maliciously. And they closed round their victim.

Asked me in chorus a question of which I heard much in later interviews, when hunted down in country quarters. "What is the difference between English and American humour?" There's a question to ask a man to reply to right off, he just landed from an ocean voyage, his family trunks unlocked; situation, from a fiscal point of view, complicated by having mislaid a ticket given him on board ship, after severe cross-examination by Custom House officers.

One gentleman boldly but politely declared his conviction that Englishmen

are by niggard nature deprived of capacity for understanding American humour.

This reminded me of little incident wherein I was, to certain subordinate extent, co-partner in an American joke. Patriotically desirous of vindicating my countrymen from the aspersions cast upon them I told my friends the story.

in a position to bring libel actions, we were to accuse them of all sorts of crime. A proof would be submitted to the person concerned, with intimation that unless a cheque for a minimum sum of £50 were forthcoming, publication of the article in *The Obituary* would promptly follow on announcement of our friend's death. The £50 paid, the type

from which the proof was printed should be broken up.

MARK and I discussed the project to the smallest detail, settling everything. When I arranged to visit America, I wrote him telling him of my intention, and mentioning that I had received no account of the profits of our joint production. He replied that I was due to arrive in New York on a particular day, and in order to avoid rendering an account he would leave for Italy on the previous day.

Anxious to show that, for once in a way, an Englishman had been able to see an American joke, I told my friends this story. Much struck by their smartness. MARK TWAIN not yet started on his voyage. We landed early in the morning; his ship sailed at noon. With one accord my friends bolted from the wharf. Puzzled at their abrupt unanimity; secret out with the morning papers. They had hurried over to catch MARK TWAIN, and get his account of the incident.

Next morning all the papers came out with big headlines, of which this is sample: "American MARK TWAIN Leaves; the English MARK TWAIN Arrives." Then followed the two narratives, dovetailed with MARK TWAIN's witty confession. "Yes, I'm dodging LUCY, convinced that, in its earning capacity, *The Obituary* is better for TWAIN than for two."

One of the interviews was headed in largest type, "Here's England's Funniest Man. H. W. LUCY, Champion Humourist, Arrives." These are hard lines to live up to.

A rival paper considerably undertook to let me down. "It was," it writes, "a genuine shock to HENRY W. LUCY, the London newspaper man now inspecting our exhibits, to be received and played up in the headlines as a humourist. Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. True, for twenty years he has been writing off and on for



Arthur B. "I SAY, HOW DO YOU SPELL FREE TRADE?"

Hicks-Bach. "R-E-T-A-L-I—"

Arthur B. "THAT'LL DO, CAPITAL! COME INSIDE!"

One night, in London, MARK TWAIN and I foregathered at the dinner table of an R.A. whom the United States lent to Great Britain, and who, in spite of our density of humour, still sojourns in our midst. After dinner MARK proposed to me collaboration in a new literary undertaking. It was a magazine, to be called *The Obituary*. He and I, making selections among public men who happened to be personal friends, were to write obituary notices of them. Safe in the knowledge that they would not be

Punch, but he took instructions at the outset not to be funny, as his contributions were needed as ballast, and Lord HUGH CECIL has finely described the screeds signed 'Toby, M.P.' as the obituary column of *Punch*. Mr. LUCY," it adds, "scarcely knows whether to be gratified or dismayed."

"Still it may be so, don't you know," we said. "It is not for me to assert that I am not a humourist. Possibly I am, and I don't know it. COLUMBUS discovered the American, but the Americans have discovered everything else."

Including, it will be observed, the manner of gravely placing in the mouths of men things they never said or thought. This extract illustrates the habit. Our friend has only the dimmest idea of who Lord HUGH CECIL is, or what part he fills in English public life. But his name is familiar to Americans, so he quotes him as "finely describing the screeds signed Toby, M.P. as the obituary column of *Punch*." Why the obituary column instead of the culinary department, or the nursery of *Punch*, is one of those things only Lord HUGH's American patron understands.

It is all very funny and very friendly. I know much more of American humour than I did when, ten days ago, I landed on the wharf from the prosaic British steamer, the *Lucania*.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

"Let the scoffer laugh as he may, but the man who wishes to keep his head above the waters that are ever pressing around the mass of humanity must study his appearance, and, therefore, his frock-coat."

PROTECTIONISTS, raging around me,

Would gather me into their fold;

Free-fooders are eager to sound me

Concerning the views that I hold;

Not a jot for their strife am I caring,

Their catchwords I'm scorning to quote;—

My joy 's in the fact that I'm wearing

A charming frock-coat!

Poor BROWN will discuss raw material

In speech correspondingly crude;

And SMITH to a tax on the cereal

Is constantly found to allude;

While JONES is so troubled by "duty,"

He wonders which way he will vote;—

They're blind, every one, to thy beauty.

My graceful frock-coat!

When the surges set up a wild scrimmage,

And Ocean's unpleasantly wet,

(For this truly remarkable image

To my text I am deeply in debt);

With thee, O Ineffable Treasure,

I know I shall buoyantly float,

Thou Fount of Perpetual Pleasure,

My peerless frock-coat!

THE MAKER OF SELF-MADE MEN.

I MET him on the night boat from Harwich to the Hook, and opened conversation with "Not much of a time for a holiday."

"Have to take my holiday when I can get it," he replied. "You see, my occupation is in a rather special line. I'm a maker of self-made men."

I laughed. It seemed to me to be the polite thing to do.

"You appear not to understand," he said, with a touch of irritation. "I make self-made men. That is my business. You may not believe it, but practically the future of England is in my hands. It rests with me whether Great Britain will retain her commercial supremacy, or sink into the abysmal depths of the unknown." He waved his hand with the grace of a practised orator.

I began to feel nervous.

"I'll tell you about it," he continued, more mildly. "Some time ago I became convinced that self-made men, the real bulwarks of England's greatness, were dying out. England was once, truly called a nation of shopkeepers, and I foresaw the time when that would not be true. I made it my mission to postpone the arrival of that time, and my school for self-made men came into being. It is still largely a secret, though privately it is pretty widely known. Men come to me when they are supposed to be enjoying their vacation. Hence my presence here now. As I said, I have to take my holiday when I can get it."

"But what kind of men come to you?" I asked.

"Oh, all kinds, but I get the best results from men just past their prime, about forty-five to sixty years of age—men, preferably, who have been successful in some trade. These last are much the easiest to deal with."

"And how do you deal with them?"

"Well, broadly speaking, there are three things to contend with. The first is their natural modesty. That is characteristic of all successful British tradesmen, and it is the most difficult thing I have to face. Once overcome that, and the rest follows more or less as a matter of course. A self-made man must be prepared on all possible occasions to proclaim his humble and penniless origin. There lies one of the essential differences between self-made men and ordinary men. There is no man alive but was born into this world without a shilling in his pocket. It is only the self-made man who brags about it."

"Another thing about self-made men is their lack of a sense of humour. That is where my second obstacle rests. Numbers of my pupils come to me and crack little jokes. I have to check it.

It is hard, for one who is not an expert, to conceive what is entailed by the task of eradicating a fully developed sense of humour from a man of fifty. The cure is, of course, homeopathic. I give them a series of jests which lead up to my final poser: Why was St. Martin slain? No one has ever been able to answer it. One of them puzzled over it for a week, and then came and asked me if the question was not 'Where was St. Martin slain?' because then the answer was obviously, 'Near Trafalgar Square.' But I suppressed that at once. The question is not where, but why, and, as I said, it is unanswerable. Anyone who sets out conscientiously to solve it will ultimately lose all sense of humour. It is purely a question of time.

"Finally, there is the matter of early rising. No self-made man is in bed after half-past six in the morning—more often half-past five. It's an awful job knocking that into them. One of the first pupils I had was an exceptionally bad case. He was not only a confirmed late riser, but also a confirmed humourist. When I broached the 6.30 question he flatly refused to entertain the idea. He said he had always got up at eight because it gave him such an upstate for breakfast. Well, of course, that sort of thing had to be stopped. It almost broke his heart to have to abandon the pun—he had made it on an average once a week for thirty years. But I got him to do it."

"But," I protested, still struggling with the paradox, "they can hardly be called self-made men if you make them."

"It is like suicide," he answered. "A man may be driven by superior force to commit it, and yet is allowed to write *felo de se* after his name. But in any case 'Self-made' has never been much more than a trade term."

Smarts for the Smart.

HAD RITA shown a gentler tone

"Twere more effective art;

For caustic gibe against our tribe

But makes us doubly smart.

Réclames pour rire.

[A current advertisement announces that "Baby smiles when washed with —'s — Soap."]

EVERYONE laughs when Uncle WILLIAM sits on one of SHARPSON'S FINE-DRAWN TIN TACKS.

What makes father roar when he puts his collar on? NALEBRAKER'S STARCH.

Have you an eye for the ridiculous? Then why go to an expensive tailor when you can get one of Our Ready-made Tweed Suits for a guinea.

For a good wheeze. Try COUGH. 6d. a box.



DRY-FLY ENTOMOLOGY.

SCENE.—The banks of a Hampshire stream in the Grayling Season.

Angler (the vice having abruptly ceased). "I THINK THEY'RE TAKING A SIESTA, THOMPSON."
Keeper. "I DESSAY THEY ARE, SIR, BUT ANY OTHER FLY WITH A TOUCH O' RED IN IT WOULD DO AS WELL."

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of DENMARK has been made a General in the British Army. It is rumoured that recruiting is now so bad that the War Office is contemplating the formation of an entire regiment of foreign potentates.

The Anti-Vivisection Society thinks that whatever may be said as to the decadence of contemporary England, justice, at any rate, has not gone to the dogs.

"All nations are agreed that there is something wrong with the red-haired man," says Professor KARL PEARSON. We fancy the red-haired men themselves could tell the Professor what it is that is the matter. It is the colour of their hair.

Rehearsals of the forthcoming Japanese play are now in full swing at His Majesty's Theatre. The Acting Manager, it is said, looks too tall for his part. What is wanted, of course, is a Japanese Dwarf Tree.

The play at the Garrick is having a longer run than the critics anticipated. This is supposed to be due to the number of ladies who—they will do anything for a new sensation—are curious to hear what *Golden Silence* is like.

Messrs. CASSELL & Co. are doing a smart thing. They are following up the MEIKLEJOHN case by a re-issue of Major GRIFFITHS' book on crime and criminals. We shall all buy it to see whether we are in it.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE does not confine himself only to the Free Food question. He is said to be taking a great interest in the case of Fräulein MEYER, the German girl who has just waked up after being asleep for 17 years. We understand that his Grace (who is still suffering from sleeplessness, frequently waking up as often as three times a day) has written to Fräulein MEYER for the recipe.

According to the New York *World* the Duke and Duchess of ROXBURGHE are spending their honeymoon quietly, attended by detectives.

The Ministry of Public Amusements has arranged for the re-opening of the HUMBERT case.

A grave state of alarm is said to prevail among the South American Republics. It is feared that future

Revolutions may be made impossible. To realise what this would mean to South America it is necessary to imagine the state of affairs in England if cricket were to be suddenly abolished.

* The genuineness of Turkey's fears that insurmountable difficulties will arise in carrying out the reforms in Macedonia as proposed by Russia and Austria has now been proved. Turkey has consented to the scheme.

The vendors of ice-creams at present residing in the Metropolis were greatly pleased with an account of King VICTOR's visit to the City which described the Guildhall as being graced by the cream of Italian Society.



[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would exempt bacon from his proposed tax on foreign meat.]

English Pig. "QUEER SORT O' SCHEME I CALLS IT! THERE'D BE NOBODY WANTIN' US, WITH HIM THE ONLY FURNINER ALLOWED IN CHEAP."

Irish Pig. "FAITH, THAT'S THREE ENOUGH. MEBBE THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO SURE 'TIS THE WAN AN' ONLY WAY FOR THE COUNTRY TO SAVE ITS BACON!"

The Admiralty has adopted a scheme of short service for naval chaplains. But JACK is not satisfied yet. He wants short sermons as well.

Bath Workhouse has been presented with a parrot. We presume it has been trained to say "Your-food-won't-cost-you-anything."

Mr. G. R. SIMS has written a letter on the subject of Brain Fag. To everyone's surprise he puts it down to stomach trouble and not to an insufficiently covered head.

THE County Court Bench has acquired a new designation. The accolade previously bestowed upon "their Honours" Sir HORATIO LLOYD, Sir ALFRED MARTEN and Sir LUCIUS SELFIE, and now upon Sir THOMAS SNAGGE, has gained for it the appellation of the Knight Nursery.

ZOOLOGICAL GUESTS.

["Hostesses seem to be suffering a good deal from the pets which their visitors insist on taking about with them everywhere. One lady travels about with a boa-constrictor, another is always accompanied by a pair of guinea-pigs, and a third will not be parted from her Siamese cats, not to mention the small lap-dogs which are never separated from their various owners."—*Vanity Fair*, Nov. 19.]

A NEW development of *Who's Who* is in active preparation. It will appear under the suggestive title of *Whose Zoo*.

It is considered quite the thing for aristocratic families who have animal supporters to their coats-of-arms to bring the same with them on their visits to country houses this autumn. There has been quite a run on Ratcliff Highway in search of live griffins, dragons, wyverns, and similar mediæval survivals, of which the supply is at present somewhat deficient, though doubtless it will soon overtake the demand. A peer who employs heraldic "wild men" for this purpose has been overwhelmed with applications from the aliens of Whitechapel.

Fiscal partisans are now invariably accompanied by parrots, who are extremely useful in filling up awkward pauses in conversation, and recalling the thoughts of the frivolous to the all-important topic.

The Turkish gipsies have left Dover, and are enjoying great popularity among the "Smart Set" owing to their possession of some performing bears; or rather, the animals in question are being received in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, while their owners are comfortably housed in the stable.

Quite a scare was raised the other day at Lady D——'s during a bridge party, when the performing fleas of a well-known Duchess broke loose. It was some days before the majority of these interesting and lively pets were secured and returned to their mistress. The remainder may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that some of the human visitors had departed in the meantime.

So much damage has been done lately by high-hearted chimpanzees and other monkeys among bric-à-brac and portable property that the leading hostesses are refusing to entertain any such guests unless attended by a tame organ-grinder.

A diversion was caused a few nights ago at Raglan Towers by the discovery of a young and active hedgehog in an apple-pie bed. This amusing addition was eventually brought home to a humorous Varsity man, who has thus made a very successful *début* into Society.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron heartily compliments Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, first, on the capital stories in his Christmas Number, and secondly, on the life-like portrait of himself, drawn by JOHN H. BACON (not SHAKESPEARE), which accompanies it. To judge from TAY PAY's smiling countenance as here depicted, and from his lounging dressing-gowny get up (reminding us somewhat of *Sherlock Holmes* chez lui), this portrait is one of a gentleman in easiest circumstances and in the enjoyment of a rattling good circulation. "Here's to you, TAY PAY," quoth the Baron, "more power to your elbow, if required, and may your shadow increase, proving the development of the substance!"

Not the least interesting part of Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON'S book on *The Lyceum and Henry Irving* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN) is to be found in the preface where the author, taking us into his confidence, tells us how he commenced collecting the materials for this work, which, as one of reference, is decidedly valuable, and, as literature, possesses a charm peculiarly its own. It is among the mixed contrarieties of things that the name of PAINE, which was that of the architect (1725), should ever be associated with a place that so contributed to pleasure. Intended originally for a lecture-hall it gradually developed into a theatre, where, however, no regular drama could be lawfully enacted until 1812, when, "with the consent and approbation of the proprietors of the late Theatre Royal, Drury Lane" (destroyed by fire on February 24 in that year) "their Majesties' Servants" performed the comedy of *The Heir-at-Law*. Thenceforward it was a *bonâ fide* theatre, still remembered by many as the temporary home of VESTRIS, CHARLES MATHEWS, FECHTER, and KATE TERRY; to be finally and permanently associated with the bright particular star, Sir HENRY IRVING, for a long time in conjunction with ELLEN TERRY, until the summer of 1902 brought the Lyceum to the end of its career. Then was it that the "ever-grateful loving servant of the public" bade good-bye to the Lyceum, whose fame his continued successes had established. For playgoers who are apt to be sentimental, this work offers no small attraction. As a contribution to facts in the story of London it is valuable.

A novel entitled *Settling Day*, by ALFRED HURRY (CHAPMAN AND HALL), the Baron can recommend. Its idea is original, the characters natural, and, taking the doctrine of average chances in speculation, there is no outrage on probability in the surprise which is the dénouement of the plot. Let its author "Hurry" up with another as good as this.

It is strange and at first sight cruelly sad to have to announce to the world at large that a venerable, worthy and highly respectable English clergyman, one of the very old school, should be "on the Black list." Yet so it is: for a new edition of OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S (and everyone's) *Vicar of Wakefield* has been brought out by MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK in such style that good, steady old Dr. Primrose would be somewhat abashed when recognising himself and family drawn in such vivid colours, though doubtless he would be gratified by the artistic excellence of the more quiet tones of these illustrations by JOHN MASSEY WRIGHT, pupil of THOMAS STOTHARD, who was himself the contemporary and the friend of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. These pictures have the appearance, as it were, of impressions taken by some process from originals on Sevres china plates. They are curiously effective.

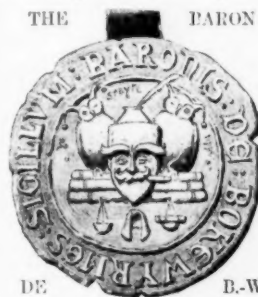
Most heartily does the Baron give welcome greeting to a very dear old friend, *The Bon Gaultier Ballads* (BLACKWOOD AND SONS). "Bon Gaultier," as is now well known, represents two delightfully witty and excellent versifiers, writing



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Governess. "OH, KITTY, YOU CARELESS CHILD! THERE ARE NOT TWO R'S IN 'VERY.' RUB ONE OF THEM OUT." Kitty. "YES. BUT WHICH ONE?"

in collaboration, namely, Sir THEODORE MARTIN and the late Professor AYTOUX. Never did they write, together or apart, in livelier strain than when they penned these ballads, which, in their peculiar line, have rarely been equalled and never surpassed. And then the illustrations are for the most part gems of humour from the artistic mines of such geniuses as JOHN LEECH and DICKY DOYLE, the latter at his very best throughout, while the burlesque fancy and clever draughtsmanship of "ALFRED CROWQUILL" (HENRY FORRESTER) are shown in pictures that run "DICKY" uncommonly close. The Baron is prepared to bet Sir THEODORE a trifle that the original chanter of "*Nix my dolly*" was PAUL BEDFORD, who played *Blueskin* to Mrs. KEELEY'S *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi. A copy of the song still obtainable presents a picture of the entire cast on the frontispiece. The explanatory notes and references are in most cases absolutely necessary to up-to-date readers, and indeed a few more of them would have added to the literary value of the book, "which," quoth the Baron, "is a first-rate gift for this coming Christmastide, and thereto do I set my hand and seal this same day of November, and sign myself herewith, all to the contrary notwithstanding."



AN UNPUBLISHED ARABIAN NIGHT.

Now in those days the Sheikh YUSSUF, being little known of men, was wont to hie himself to the mosque of the Kobdi, and to eat and drink with those who tarried there. And amongst them were men, both merchants and scribes, who came from afar, and whose hearts were dilated with joy as they listened to the discourse of the Sheikh YUSSUF. But YUSSUF, being filled with wine, arose and spake words of wisdom.

And he said, "Surely those who bring merchandise from afar are as welcome to my eyes as water is to a thirsty camel. Doth not their very presence bring abundance of bread to the land? Truly the loaf groweth larger as they gaze upon it. May their shadows never wax less!"

And they who came from far countries listened, and smiting themselves on the head cried, "Great is the wisdom of the Sheikh YUSSUF. May he become Vizier, and shed beneficence throughout the land."

But it fell out in the vicissitude of things that the Sheikh YUSSUF became Vizier, and rode with a great company through the streets of Bagdad. And they who abode in the mosque of the Kobdi looked forth and beheld him.

And lo! the brow of the Sheikh YUSSUF was contracted, and he cried, "What do these base-born sons of Roum here? Come they to spy out the desolation of the land, and to sell us unto our enemies? Surely a voice that is raised for them is a voice sold unto our enemies."

And a great wonder fell on all that heard it. But the cunning scribe of the mosque said, "Surely Shaitan hath entered into the heart of the Sheikh YUSSUF. Behold I will take parchment, and the arrow of remonstrance shall be shot from the bow of memory." So he wrote, "Of a surety, O Sheikh, thou forgettest that thou hast drunk the cup of friendship with the guests who come from afar."

Yet when the Sheikh YUSSUF received the parchment his heart waxed great with wrath, and in a loud voice he cried "What I have said, I have said," and the messenger fled lest a worse ill should befall him.

Then the cunning scribe said, "Yet once more let the pebble of importunity strike the forehead of obtuseness," and

he wrote again, "Hast thou not with a goblet of the forbidden in thine hand spoken words of welcome to the learned men who come from afar? Surely the mist of anger hath blinded thine eyes, and the fog of forgetfulness obliterated thy memory. Truly, if thou makest not answer to this, thy shamelessness shalt be cried in the streets."

But the Sheikh YUSSUF set the warder of prudence to guard his lips and made answer never a word. Yet when he rode through the city, crying "Small

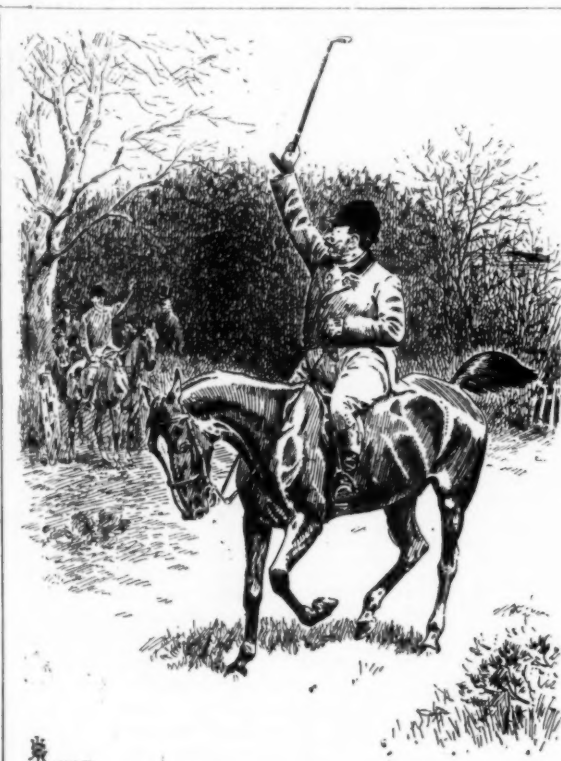
mad, save the men of wisdom who abide in the mosque of the Kobdi."

But the Sheikh YUSSUF contracted his other eye and said nothing.

THE THEATRICAL "PAR" OF THE FUTURE.

[Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in a recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, deprecated the "general idea that evening dress is indispensable in the better parts" of the London theatres.]

On the occasion of the first night of *High-Teadly-Hi-Ti*, the new farcical-problem-drama at the St. James's, the stalls presented a most fashionable and varied appearance. Many of the fairer denizens of clubland had strolled across in their smoking-jackets, whilst the number of ladies in golf capes was especially noticeable. Here and there a shooting-coat of gay tweed showed with what haste its wearer had abandoned moor or hedgerow to worship at the shrine of Art. A cluster of yachting people in yellow oilskins gave an agreeable touch of colour to the front row, and just behind them the travel-stained garments of a large party of motorists were an earnest of theatre-going enthusiasm that was duly appreciated and admired by their immediate neighbours. Considerable amusement was caused by the arrival of a lady and gentleman in evening dress, who, having apologised to the management and explained that they were going on to a ball after the performance, were permitted to take their seats. They served to remind one of the bygone days when the male occupants of stalls and dress circle were expected to put on clean collars, and the ladies to take theirs off, and



TRUE COURAGE.

Whip. "Hi, Sir! KEEP BACK! THE FOX MAY BREAK COVERT THERE!"
Foreigner. "BAH! I FEAR HIM NOT—YOUR FOX!"

loaves for large," and was followed by them that boiled sugar and such as mixed cement, whenever he passed the mosque of the Kobdi he spat upon it and cried "Yah, yah." And they that were with him, being ignorant men, did likewise spit upon the mosque and cry "Yah."

And the cunning scribe of the Kobdi cried aloud, "Great is the shamelessness of YUSSUF. His forehead of effrontery is like unto the corner-stone of the synagogue for hardness. Doth he not ride through the city proffering to give small loaves for large, and yet men bring their loaves unto him? Surely this city and all that are therein are

when the dresses in the better parts of the house were actually an attraction and source of interest to playgoers of the baser sort. However, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT OF COLLABORATION FOR CHRISTMAS.—All boys at school will be gratified to learn that the author of the Blue Book reports recently mentioned in the *Times* will combine his efforts with those of the author of *The Manxman* in producing an exhilarating holiday work. The two authors are Messrs. BIRCHENOUGH and HALL CAINE. It will be illustrated with cuts.